That were his Lackies, I cried hum, and well, go to,
But markt him not a word; O, hee is as tedious
As a tyred Horſe, a rayling Wife,
Worſe then a ſmokie Houſe. I had rather live
With Cheeſe and Gar'like in a Wind-mill farre,
Then feed on cates, and have him talke to mee,
In any Summer-houſe in Chriſtendome.
Mor. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read and profited
In ſtrange concealements, valiant as a Lyon,
And wondrous affable, and as bountifull
As Mines of *India*: ſhall I tell you, Couſin,
Hee holds your temper in a high reſpect.
And curbs himſelfe, even of his naturall ſcope,
When you come croſſe his humor, faith hee does.
I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might ſo have tempted him, as you have done,
Without the taſte of danger and reproofe:
But doe not uſe it oft, let me intreat you.
Mor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame.
And ſince your comming hither, have done enough
To put him quite beſides his patience.
You muſt needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault.
Though ſometimes it ſhew greatneſſe, courage, blood,
And thats the deareſt grace it renders you:
Yet oftentimes it doth preſent harſh rage,
Defect of manners, want of Government,
Pride, hautineſſe, opinion, and diſdaine;
The leaſt of which haunting a Nobleman,
Loſeth mens hearts, and leaves behind a ſtaine
Vpon the beautie of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation.
Hot. Well I am ſchoold. Good-manners by your ſpeed,
Heere come our wives, and let us take our leaves.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mor. This is the deadly ſpight that angers me,
My Wife can ſpeake no *Engliſh*, I no *Welſh*.
Glen. My daughter weepes, ſhee'le not part with you,